Hast. His grace lookes chearefully and smooth to day,
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit
I thinke there is neuer a man in Christendome,
That can lesse hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?
Hast. Marry that with no man heere he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue shewde it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I say.
Enter Glocester.
Glo. I pray you all, what do they deserue
That do conspire my death with diuelish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild?
Vpon my body with their hellish charmes?
Hast. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoeuer they be:
I say my Lord they haue deserued death,
Glo. Then be your eyes the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus haue marked me.
Hast. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.
Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned strumpet.
Telst thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head: Now by Saint *Paul*,
I will not dine to day I swere,
Vntill I see the same; some see it done:
The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet Ca. with Hast.*
Hast. Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me.
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I disdaind it and did scorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth Horse did stumble,
And started when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house.
Oh now I warrant the Priest that spake to me,
I now repent I told the Pursiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcherd,
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour,
Oh *Margret*, *Margret*, now thy heauy curse
Is lightned on poore *Hastings* wretched head.
Cat. Dispatch my Lord, the Duke would be at
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.
Hast. O momentary state of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of he
Who builds his hopes in the ayre of your faire lo
Liues like a drunken sayler on a mast,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my hea
They smile at me, that shortly shall be dead
Enter Duke of Glocester, and Buckingham, in ar
Glo. Come cousen, canst thou quake and change
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and stop againe,
As if thou wert destract and mad with terror,
Buc. Tut feare not me,
I can counterfeit the deepe Traiedian,
Speake and looke backe and prie on euery side;
Intending deepe suspition gastly lookes
Are at my seruice like enforsed smiles,
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior*
Glo. Here comes the Maior
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. L. Maio
Glo. Looke to the draw-bridge there.
Buc. The reason we haue sent for you.
Glo. *Catesby* ouer-looke the walles.
Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe defend thee, here are enemie
Buc. God and our innocency defend vs.
Glo. O, O, be quiet it is *Catesby*.